

Het Static Line

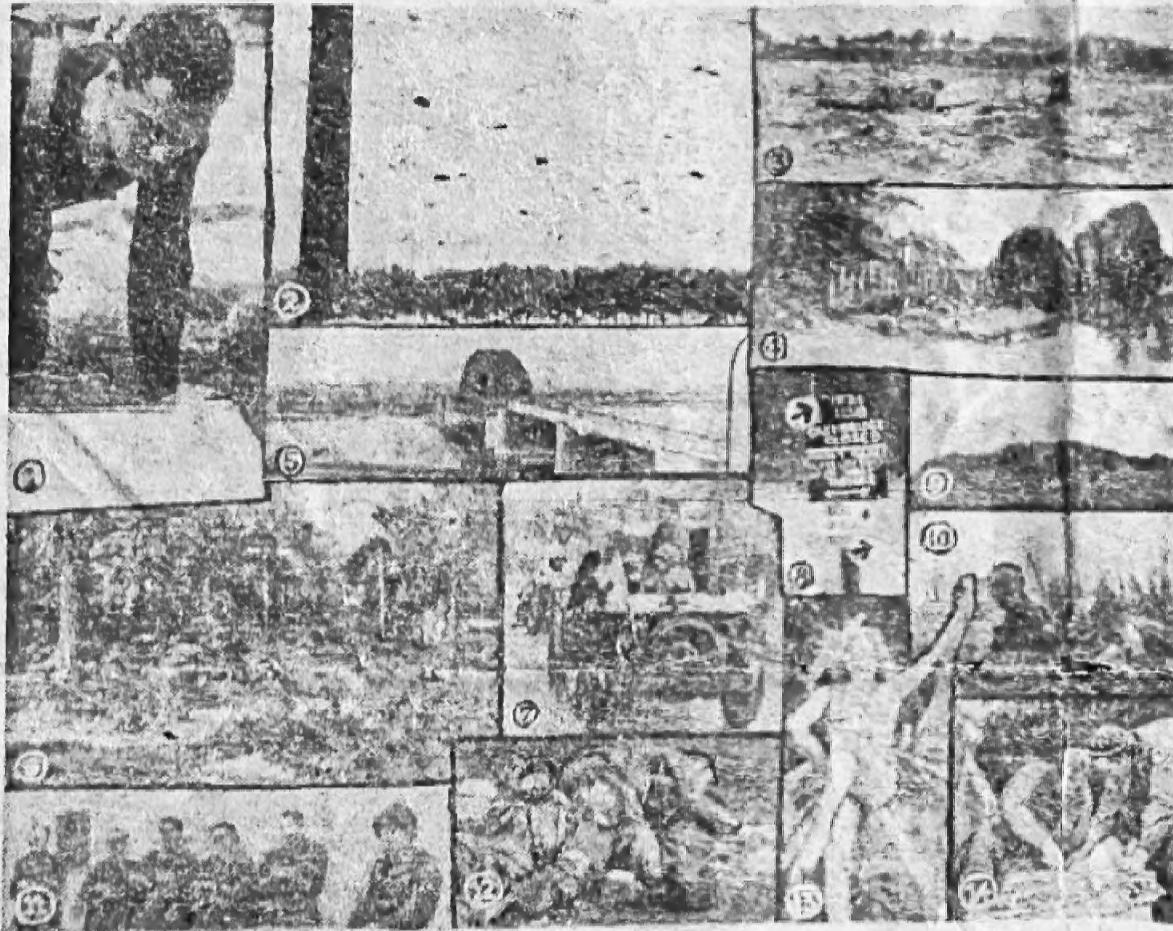
VOL. 2

HOLLAND, NOVEMBER 1944

No. 1

Schickelgruber Caught With Panzers Down 505 Throws Sunday Punch Into Hun Supermen

WE DOOD IT AGAIN



(1) "The Old Man" makes a final D Day check. (2) Silk-studded skies along the Siegfried Line. (3) Keep your tall down, buddy, them woods is "Off Limits". (4) Village, village --- who's got the village? (5) The Missing Link. (6) Hell's Half Acre. (7) Time and the Stork wait for no man. It was a boy. (8) A terrific fight opens the east bridge and the Officers' Club. (9) More than a hill, it's Hitler's back yard. (10) "You ain't kidding, bub". (11) Some Supermen learned quickly. (12) Others were harder to convince. (13) How in hell did that get in here? (14) After the barrage --- fresh meat.

REGIMENT LEADS NETHERLAND LEAP

It's an old story now, bordering onto ancient history in this war that moves faster than a Berlin-bound Hun, but the men of this regiment, the outfit which blazed the way into the Netherlands on that Sunday jump will long remember that day and the experiences here.

The Dutch will remember that day as their hour of liberation after four bitter years of German domination. 505ers will remember it as their fourth spearheading jump behind enemy lines in this war. And those of Der Fuehrer's Supermen left to remember anything will never forget their experience in facing war at its worst and against soldiers at their best. They'll remember the machine gunners and BAR men who attacked alongside riflemen, firing from the hip as they advanced; mortarmen firing their weapons from tree trunks, aiming them like a rifle; the riflemen who moved in with bayonets and grenades for hand-to-hand fighting as if were all in the day's recreational program;

Troopers Pluck Blooms From Flower Of Ayran Youth

Hitler called them "the flower of Ayran youth", and the men of this outfit have been picking the blooms by the hundred since hitting terra firma in Holland. Among the best of the Supermen there have been old men, young kids, experienced and inexperienced some who retained an air of arrogance when captured and until separated from others, then to break down and cry like babies, blaming Hitler for all of it; and others who came over willingly to the safety of our prisons. But the 505ers no longer feel a soft spot for any of them, young or old. And as long as there is one left with a bullet and a rifle he's an enemy on the extermination list. Hitler, count yo' chillun' — there are plenty missing now, and more to follow.

communications men who kept wires open in spite of hell itself; supplies that continued to slip through the lines. (Continued page 4)

A STAR FELL OUT OF HEAVEN



It's two stars now. The first was born just before the last issue of the Static Line. And all the extra silverwear still fits a parachute harness. "Slim Jim" looks over his paraphernalia for the fourth jump and bitches with the best of them.

G.I. GUTS TAKE NIJMEGEN BRIDGES; HOLD "88" ALLEY ALONG REICHSWALD FRONT

Little need be said on the subject of the Reichswald and the bridge missions. The world recognizes these Allied victories as the greatest achievements in the Airborne Invasion of the Netherlands; and men of this regiment know what it means to be the victors in those bitter battles. While part of the outfit moved north to make history for the future and hell for the Huns, the remainder dug in along the German border to hold the positions which were so vital to the Allied columns advancing from the South Eve.

(Continued page 5)

Fickle Finger Of Static Line Sneaks Fate Favors Few To Front After 11 Mos. A.W.O.L.

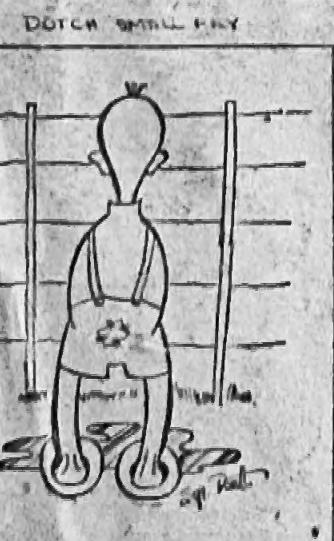
There are many in this regiment who are living on borrowed time. For one of several reasons, names must be withheld at this time but just a few examples:

The man who was shot twice in the belly when he met a Jerry face to face. The bullets hit his ammunition clips and glanced off, but knocked him flat on his fanny. The Hun ran in with bayonet for the final touch only to be hit in the puss with the fallen man's musette bag, which he flung from the prone position. The stupefied Jerry stood paralyzed while the trooper jumped and ran like hell for twenty minutes, stopping then only for unit identification.

(Continued page 5)

After nearly a year's a.w.o.l. the Yard Bird of army publications sneaks out again, and within two days of its second birthday as a printed paper. There are many new men who have never seen the regimental paper before, and we hope the kick you get out of it will be comparable to the other kicks which might be involved. Your "Static Line" was the first unit newspaper published on the high seas — printed; the first American unit newspaper printed on the continent of Europe (Naples); the first unit newspaper nearly printed

(Continued page 6)



THE STATIC LINE

A helluva publication sweat out whenever and wherever possible by your Special Service Office

HOLLAND, NOVEMBER, 1944

CAPT. CARL E SCHENCK, Special Service Officer
BOB DEBNAM,
LARRY WARNER.

Editor
Assoc. Editor

From The C.O. To His Men

"THE OLD MAN"



Col. Wm. E. Ekman, a C.O. with justifiable pride in his regiment and men. The man who led the 505 through France and Holland on to fame and distinction!

employed defensively or offensively it ranks high among the best combat troops in the world.

For many of you a combat mission was no novelty. You had seen action in Sicily, Italy or Normandy campaigns or in some cases all three of them. You knew what to expect and were prepared for it. For a great number however, this was your first combat experience and there was question in your minds as to how you would react. It didn't take you long to find the answer and prove that you had the confidence and ability of veterans. But whether this was your first or fourth campaign, many of you have experienced some of the fiercest fighting seen or to be seen in this or any other war. The battles at Rethorst, Mook, Nijmegen, Kamp and the numerous attacks at our road blocks and all along our front, as well as the many patrols sent out, called for the utmost of fighting ability, leadership and just plain "guts". Some of these fights were more spectacular than others and we will hear and read more about them in the future. Some are only known to those who actually participated in them. But regardless of what any individual or unit did we know that the successes of the Regiment have been based only upon the readiness and ability of every individual to do his part, and more, in the particular job to which he was assigned, whether engaged in a fire fight, laying wire, supplying ammunition to the front line trooper or training replacements at the base camp. Those who did not do their part have been properly taken care of. They have no place in this unit.

One thing we must not lose is our perspective of the big picture; we must remember that other individuals and units, from squads to Divisions, were in this fight, and that all had a pretty tough time. Each helped the other to keep Jerry well occupied all along his front lines. For instance, how the gallant stand of the Red Devils at Arnhem kept at least a Division of Panthers off our hands and helped insure the success of the 82nd's mission. We can brag about what we have done, but let's give the other fellow credit, and realize that we didn't do the whole thing alone.

Yes we have had a successful mission, well performed, but it has cost the Regiment a number of fine men and officers. Men and officers who will be hard to replace. Some of them will never be replaced. In the near future the job of training new men and officers to fill the vacancies thus created will fall to each and every one of you, from buck private to high ranking officer. Don't flub the job. You owe it to yourselves, and to those we have lost, as well as to the Regiment. Keep in mind also that no individual or unit can ride long on a previous reputation. Current reputation depends upon current action by individuals or units, in combat as well as in garrison. Let's keep our present reputation --- it's a fine one.

As to the future, one guess is as good as the other. There are still many of Hitler's "supermen" who will have to be convinced that they can't rule the world. I'm sure that we'll have at least one more chance to help convince them. Be prepared to finish it off next time.

In closing, remember, we have been cited for our combat ability by every high commander under whom we have fought. We are wearing the Presidential Citation for gallantry in action. You can look any fighting man in the world in the eye and say, "I'm from the 505" --- He'll listen!

COL. WILLIAM E. EKMAN,
Commanding Officer



On D Day over, and the regiment comes in review before its grandmaster and the best fighting men in the world. The C.O., who regulates in the

UNCOVER GIRL



Do Any Of You Boys Have A Corkscrew?

Don't Cut Your Own Throat

The supply sections, both Regimental and the Battalions, deserve the utmost in cooperation from all of us. When supplies weren't available, they got them. When things were the hottest, they ran the gauntlet of mortar, screaming, mealy and 82mm fire. To see that all of us had the necessary ammunition and food. They fought the powers that be to get the equipment that we did get, meager though it was at times. Each man was on call twenty four hours a day, rain or shine. If roads were passable or not, they operated. Every sort of transportation was used. When nothing else could be found horses and wagons, even hand carts were employed to get the various things, from the gilders and German warehouses. It is true all of us did our job to the utmost and at times did much more than was thought possible. Just so with the supply sections. They were and are the personification of efficiency.

Though the getting of the supplies was dangerous and lives were lost that we could have what we needed, any day any of us can pass through the area occupied by most any of the companies and find excess articles, and some not so excess, lying in the dirt, rusted, grimy or just forgotten. Momentarily it isn't needed so why bother with it seems to be the standard operating procedure. For each article that is discarded many hours of labor were expended. In some cases lives were lost and certainly many gray hairs were added besides enough dough spent to get several of us pleasantly plastered. If not "For God's sake", take care of what you have, then for the sake of those extra gray hairs, that future beer money and a couple of spare moments for the supply personnel conserve it.

THE ONCE OVER

By H. I. PHILLIPS
PRIVATE PURNEY ON THAT DEMOBILIZATION PLAN

Dear Harriet --- Well I just been over that plan to demobilize me and the boys and it looks okay. I can't sleep nights from trying to figure out my chances of being a surplus. I looked up the word and it says a surplus is "more than needed". But Sgt. Mooney says I not only got to be a surplus but a First Class Surplus to get mustard out. And he says he can't see me rating higher than a Second or Third Class one on account of my appearance. He says I would have to look like a surplus and that to look like a first class one I got to have more personality. Maybe he is just kidding. Anyhow it seems that when Hitler throws in the sponge we will get sent home by a point system. This means we will be rationed like canned goods and choice cuts. The ones with the most points will get house first. The things that count will be:

1. Total time I was in the Army.
2. Total time overseas.
3. Total fights (not including the ones with my top sergeant).
4. Dependents.

Well I been in the Army from the time Washington dragged out that goldfish bowl, and it seems even longer. I been overseas longer than anybody excepting Eisenhower and I got combat marks all over my body. Also I got you and the kid. So that gives me a perfect score if the thing is on the level and nobody brings up the charge. I snore too loud, gripe about canned eggs and have to be told to do things twice sometimes.

Between you and me I got a couple of AWOLs against me which I hope was forfeit and once I socked a corporal for saying my squawks about sore feet was fakes, but he has since been took prisoner so maybe it will not come up against me when it comes time to demobilize me.

Anyhow, Harriet, I hope I will get the new Army rating which (Continued page 7)

ADVICE

TO THE
Love Worn
Prof. McCoy

Dear Prof:
I was pitchin' a little woo with my girl last night and thought I heard something break. I'm worried.
Harry Bottom.

Dear Harry:
Take it easy, Chum. Maybe it was only her promise to mother -- breaking.
Sick Book Kid.

Dear Prof:
The Medics say I have water on the knee. They can't offer any remedy, can you?
Sweet Book Kid.

Dear S.B.K.:
Sure --- wear pumps.
G. Damit:
Remember, a bachelor is a guy who never Mrs. anything.

Dear Prof:
I pity old maids; don't you?
Sweet 40.

Dear Madam:
Why no. I know an elderly spinster who has a dog that growls; a parrot that swears; a fire place that smokes; and a cat that stays out all night. Why should she want a husband?
(And speaking of Old Maids reminds me of the inscription on the old girl's tombstone, "Who says you can't take it with you?")

Dear Prof:
What is meant by "The Primrose Path"?
Blissful Sixteen.

Dear "16":
What haven't you erred?

Dear Prof:
Can you give a good definition for a strip tease artist?
Short Horn.

Dear Mc Toot:
A stripper is a gal who looks well in anything she takes off.

Dear Prof:
When you're teaching a girl to pucker for a kiss, which is better to have her say, Prunes or Peaches?
Puzzled.

Dear Purpled:
Personally I like the Alfalfa type.

Dear Prof:
We have had several discussions on birth control. Do you know the best contraceptive?
Newlywed.

Dear Mrs.:
Have you tried that new thing, Sulphadienalin?

Dear Prof:
I've been dating a communications man from your outfit, and all he wants to do is sit around, play with my radio and twiddle my dials. What's the matter with him?
Wondering.

Dear Wondering:
Maybe he's just trying to get India.

Dear Prof:
I'm a Non-Com in the regiment, and I just adore the boys. But they are so nasty to me. Oh, please tell me what to do.
Affectionate.

Dear Affectionate:
Yours is a queer situation. See me in my office.

Dear Prof:
Mine isn't a question about love, but why, in every picture of the guy does Hitler have his hand up?
Yard Bird.

Dear Yard Bird:
That's because Schickelgruber has to go.

Dear Prof:
Who are these people we hear so much about who live off the fat of the land?
Willing Winnie.

Dear W. W.:
The guys who live off the fat of the land are girdle makers.
(Continued page 7)

Sexy Side of the Screen

B. O.

(These excerpts from our old column appeared under that familiar byline, "B. O.", and some of this will be remembered by the men who have been with the regiment since Alabama --- both of them.)

As you probably know, Hollywood is the place where George Raft popularized the single-breasted coat, and Lana Turner the double-breasted sweater.

Milton Berle was telling about some guy who thumbed a ride and his nail came off! The thumb is now sweating what may later develop---or disintegrate.

SNAPSHOT FROM HOLLAND



The windmill is a beautiful spectacle as it whirs majestically in the crisp Dutch air. In the foreground one sees part of a typical Dijk with its solid, firm lines, rounded contours, which for centuries have been the mainstay of Holland. One recalls the story of the brave little boy with his thumb in the hole of the dijk.

Now that it's getting close to that season, Joan Davis, was wondering the other night about that famous radio announcer who once proudly advertised: "Give your sweetheart a Gruen for Christmas".

Errol Flynn was worried for awhile about his being able to pick up the pieces of his film career which has been so besmirched with scandal. He wouldn't have had anything to worry about if he hadn't picked up so many pieces in the first place.

You know that Veronica Lake recently brought in over twenty million bucks on a Bond tour, just by letting gawks pull her hair back to see if she had another eye. Think of the unrealized treasury fund-raising possibilities she still has un-exploited, but along the same lines!

Marion Miller, the "queen of quiver" in burlesque has that rare talent of being able to rotate her pectoral upholstery in opposite directions, a stunt provocative enough to make a man cross-eyed, cock-eyed, and dizzy all in one sitting.

Bing Crosby flips that there is no middle ground at Hollywood parties; the guests are

all bored stiff or stiff as a board.

The other day Carole Landis was walking down the street with her usual gelatin quiver in all the best places when a man sidled up to her and handed her a note. On it was written, "Carole, I'm a deaf mute, but let this pass as a whistle."

There are those who wonder, in passing, whether Errol Flynn prefers a double bed to sleep single or a single bed to sleep double. Or does he sleep It's making interesting conversation among 505ers, with whom a bed is never the deciding factor.

With The OFFICERS

"The Phantom"

With the officers from Naples to Nijmegen or The Rape of the 3rd Continent.

REMEMBER NAPLES?

AH YES

Krauses' nurses, J. J.'s sisters, Irelands' Austrian, Suer's Princes Franco's maestro, Norton's Red Cruiser, Ed Zaj's Ethyle, Piper's step Climbing jeep, Sammons' drunks and French dissertations, Russell's malaria, Mark's freelancing, or Blooto in the Grotto, Grays Gamblers, Racer's bar and Bak tower, The shacking of Myers, Harron's Tonic at 10, 2 and 4, and general Jim's first star. --- The Orange Garden, which served nightly, champagne, cognac, and of course C---. The triumphal entry into Garibaldi Square or where the Hell are the people. Naples vaudeville, The Navy's rations. The Luftwaffer's visits, or every night about this time. The Red Light District or who painted the moon red??? I wonder how many little 505 Officers we left in Naples???? Flash!!!! Captain Gibbons still a Captain after a year in grade

REMEMBER THE FUNSTON?

Food, wine, no women -- just buddies. Who put the "B" on Pollmer???? or Captain to come aboard Norton's leaves, later to be farmed out. Krauses' PAT HAND, or who didn't ANTE????? Russell's malaria. Life boat drill or Division Special troops were again unsatisfactory today. The Regimental Staff rope climbing contest, or Piper in the Crow's Nest. The "FACE" VS Pvt atom and friends behind (Thanks fellows). Flash!!!! Gibbons retains captaincy.

REMEMBER IRELAND?

The Cookstown Limited the closest Kirkwood to railroad tracks in 29 months. Everyones' friends Messrs. Jameson and Bushmill. The Irish Prop-Blast (wolves lead lambs to slaughter or same entertainment, different language Reveille at Desert Create. Wait the SPOOK OF DRUM MANOR. The bar at Killey-moon Castle. FLASH!!!! 505 farms out at Loughery Hall, Leary farms out a ring, Jack farms out another leafe Tullerday farmed out animals including his ass, in fact Col Van put all his officers to pasture there. Business competition arose between the

Loughery Cows and Mc Guerin's town pigs. It was a tie --- they both got the business. Savoie wins Cookstown on the Crap Table. Boyd to the Russian Point. The Butcher and his meat block. The AWOL WAAF or one rough week in the hotel Russell's malaria. The Embassy in Belfast. Over The Border or why the hell didn't we have another Static Line. Harris goes to London -- women floored. Here's to Irelands' open doors (and -or drawers and their warm beds). Flash!!!! Gibbons holds T/O captains position.

REMEMBER ENGLAND?

You should for your chill sake?

(Another FLASH 505 gets new CO -- Staff can't sit down. Same entertainment, different accent. The only country where a stick of gum is the universal language instead of a two dollar bill. The Bulis Dick, run and robbed by Carr, McClean and Lawrence. The Officer's Club "All or Nothing at All" Englands theme song, "You got me This Way, Say, What are you going to do about it?" 20 pounds for settlement. AW's shack, Pats Blonde, Alford's MOTHER. Everyone got some --- ATS' it --- you guessed it. Kay O-O-O-O-d, Pollmer married. Connelly's blessed back. The gals at the Prop-Blast singing, "I'm Free As The Wandering Breeze". Russell's malaria. Flash!!!! Gibbons still a Captain.

REMEMBER FRANCE?

Hell of a thought isn't it?? Fighting, not fooling, but fumbling, just fighting and F--- Oh well, there's nothing that a "C" Ration won't fix. Russel still had malaria, and DAMN it all Gibbons is still a CAPTAIN

REMEMBER? Back to England (just in time for some)

Dominas high dive ALERT, INSPECTION CALLED OFF? THEN --- ALERT, INSPECTION CALLED OFF, tiresome as HELL wasn't it?? In between came summer blanket parties, evening bundling parties --- then more blanket parties, tiresome as Hell wasn't it????? Same old STUFF. At the next Prop-Blast once again the Belles (spelled B-A-G-S) of Leicester gave their all for the war effort. FLASH? FLASH THE WINNER Malaria wins over Russell. Russel to go to the States. T. S. His parting words, "Well boys I'm going to get married, and the

(Continued on page 8)

REGT. HQS COMPANY

What ho!! Welcome to you new men and hello again to the old timers' in this company. We understand that the first outnumber the last since the last column is good old Naples and so it is to be expected. Can't understand why yours truly was chosen for this unenviable task instead of Jerry Huth, the last columnist, but if any gripes are forthcoming on this write-up, please refer them to the "B-Bag" (Blow it out here), Stars and Stripes.

Besides the EM's, let's say "welcome" to Lt's Diggs, Smith, White and Lt. Valentini. "Hello's and goodbyes" to five (and maybe six by the time this is published) Company Commander's in the last year. For itemized lists we refer you to our Orderly Room. Is this some sort of a record?!?! We envy the EM's and Officers namely, S/Sgt Gee, "Little Ben" Blue and Lt's Weir, Maher and Stone who have been lucky enough to go back to the States. If we have failed to mention others of this fortunate group we do not apologize, --- where they are they don't need publicity.

Much has happened since Naples that must be omitted because neither space nor memory permits noting all. After all it has been a year! How many of us can forget good times had in North Ireland, England (Erie?) and even perhaps, a few in bonnie old Scotland.

We very much miss the indistructable but often injured "Bo-Bo" O'Neill and we envy his high life back in England. Congratulations are in order for afore said Sgt O'Neill and Pfc Rankin and T/S Blankenship on their marriages to their Englishers - Lucky fellows!!!! Best wishes and all happiness and a quick reunion, never to be interrupted again. Condolences to those who never had a chance --- better luck next time.

Remember the good times in Leicester, Manchester and London to say nothing of Belfast!?!? Speaking of Manchester, we refer you to a few of the habitues - Hern, Tellstone, Blago, Fitzgerald and Nelson. Manchester still wears the scars of their visit. More recently it was noted that our own Lt Fielder remained Company Commander at least long enough to make one PFC, namely D.A. Turner himself. Was there any greater a lover than Ernie Blanchard, he's strung broken hearts all over the British Isles. Who can match the capabilities of Taque, Mc David and "Red" Winslow in (Cont. on page 8)

Trench Warfare 1944



"ANTE UP, YOU BASSARD, ANTE UP!"

(Continued on page 8)

FIRST BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

Who is that Machine Gunner that looks so good in a black beret? Why it's none other than "Pistol packing, bring em back alive" Joe.

O for the life of a communicator! It is rumored that Pvt. Shape of H. Co. (former communicator of Hq. Co.) wishes to get back as a communicator. (nice work if you can get it)

The prize fox hole of the Regiment, goes to Pts. Nile and Higgins of the "hard hitting Mortars." It is "velvet lined and electric lighted." O. K. huh?

We machine gunners are patiently waiting the return of Sgt. Gouger from Brussels with all the "hot news."

If anyone has a suggestion for a special designed "helmet" for Pfc. and Pvt. Green, so they won't have to carry their regular helmets around in their hand, so all the Dutch girls can see their pretty "curly-locks." It will be greatly appreciated by the two romeo's. If "fox-hole" Frankie Thompson doesn't come out of that hole for a few days, he will be a hunch back for the rest of his life. Better dig those holes deeper Frankie, if you refuse to come out.

I hear old Marion Fabin is getting to be a regular old "friend of the family man," or maybe those pictures he carries around is just for a bluff.

The up and coming McMahan, after two and one half years with the Regiment is finally a real "two striper".

At last your dreams have come true huh Mac?

Orville Martin proudly claims to have the sharpest looking "cookie-duster" in the Regiment. That growth under his nose makes Jerry Colona look like a beginner.

Surprised and subdued "Toots Raygor, hero in the news of "Coon Rapids Iowa"; fighting to elude his inquisitors, cried, "don't read that story about me. It starts on page one."

Safety in Holland, and "pig-chasing in Germany," appeals more to Polly Petete than the danger of being shot in the rear echelon.

"Bigs Bonczkowski" marvels at his "jone-shot accuracy" in Germany, in dropping a duck with his tommy-gun on single shot. Three other shots slipped out.

Message center, through flak and ack-ack, shot and shelled through misty days and hellish nights, shamed the efforts of the pony express.

What E.M. has worries of his wife being a spend-thrift? For details see Charlie.

The boys in the Mortar Platoon are wondering why their former Platoon Sgt. never comes around to see them. How about that Sarge?

The members of the Bazooka's are very proud of Pfc. Wm. Weller for the fine work he did.

Sgt. Riverbank has left us with an attack of Malaria. We all hope he will be back with us soon.

"A" COMPANY

Ye Olde Static Line is back in circulation again and this column is dedicated to those who make life a little funnier and some times unbearable.

Talking about unbearable people - have you noticed the waistline on "Two-Wheel" Ferrazi? He'll either have to wear stilts or get a nose wheel. Bill "Fuzzy" Owens has a birthday coming up - hope he gets what he wants most. Famous last words: J. J. Jam-pa: "How did know what was in the bottle? I can't read Dutch!"

Life's reflections --

O'Neal and Gable
O'Connor and Rice
Lundstrom and Spice
(Good, ain't I?)

Post war vocations -
Lt May -- Directing traffic on a two-acre farm in Connecticut.

Queen, McGuire and Brashear (all Sgts: Why?) -- Breaking in bronchos for a "Merry go Round".

Hoover Kemp??

Any insinuations or infringement on the person's characters depicted in this column are, well, I can run faster, anyhow.

Seems the kitchen needs meat. Bowman says Jerry meat is best. Houts disagrees. Dutch meat is better. Torkzak knows he tasted the cream of the crop (don't get the wrong impression).

1st Sgt. Schraeder is a real mathematician. He implies that if you drink two quarts of Schlitz, one quart is used by the body for the desired effect, the other is a forcefull means of locomotion to the nearest exit.

Cannady rules his radio and telephone technicians with iron hand. Thus the name Armstrong (strong back, I mean hand, weak mind).

Pvt. J. C. Kries is nearing the home of his colleague, Professor Einstein.

Tait informs me that McAteer has a cold. What a catastrophe! Professor Randolph gives a class every day in dramatics. Nothing like describing life's experiences with emotion, even love affairs.

T-5 Joe Smith (The Shadow) gains weight in the most peculiar way and loses it in one day. The shower situation is A-1. Joe lost 15 lbs after his first shower on returning from the front.

I think (sometimes) the kitchen crew deserves a citation. The Silver Spoon with the Oatmeal cluster.

The 3rd platoon seems to monopolizing this column(?) Could it be that I belong to the better 3/4 of the company? Drop a hint or two this way the next time the news is due. We're all glad to welcome Capt Cockrell as our new C.O. (this should be good for a two day pass).

No kick against the English cigarettes but they should give us a gradual return to ours. Four guys passed out after smoking Camels yesterday.

"Jumpin Gypsy" Joe Regis is the cleanest man in the company. A shower before and one after.

Most popular man in the company, Marcus Helm.

I hear Stollack, one of our alumni, is sending in intelligent reports now instead of the usual intelligence reports.

"C" COMPANY

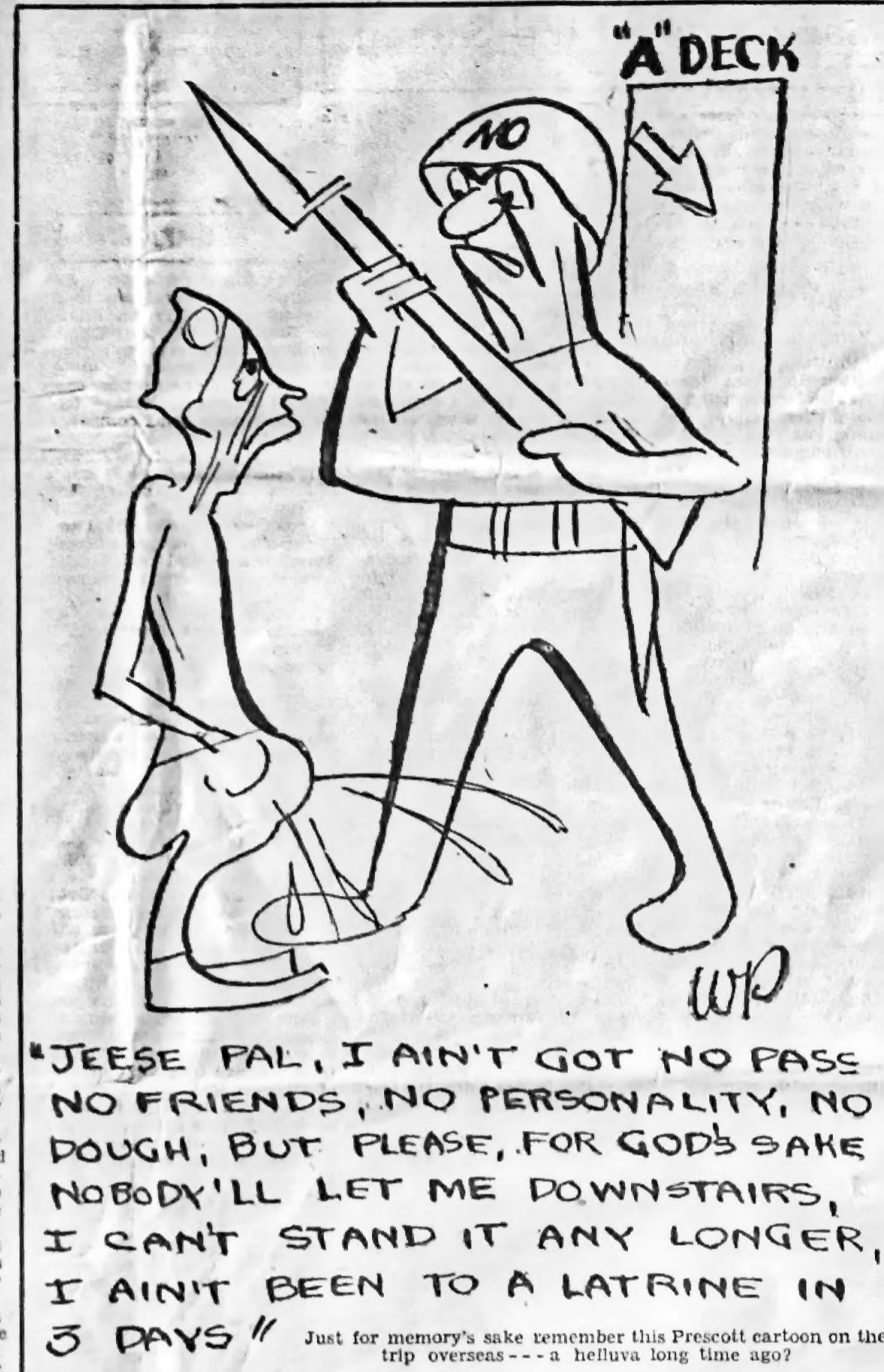
Everything is running smooth out here along the WAAL. We did have to send our CO to the hospital, reason: boil on the neck. Lt Tallerday has been there 5 days now, the boil is under control, but he is so damned weak from lack of food that it will probably be another week before he is able to pull duty.

Company Headquarters boasts one of the deadliest shots with a .45 pistol this war has known.

PFC Farley trapped a sizable porker in a small closet of a house, fired a full clip at it without doing anything more than making the pig damned mad.

Lt Kaufman finally came to Farley's rescue before the pig counter-attacked, and downed it with a rifle shot in the head.

There is a Platoon Leader in our second platoon who took an innocent passenger for a boat ride the other day, all the time bragging what a great riverman he used to be. As the trip progressed, the good Lt. had the oars working like a



**"JEESE PAL, I AIN'T GOT NO PASS
NO FRIENDS, NO PERSONALITY, NO
DOUGH, BUT PLEASE, FOR GOD'S SAKE
NOBODY'LL LET ME DOWNSTAIRS,
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER,
I AIN'T BEEN TO A LATRINE IN
3 DAYS!"**

Just for memory's sake remember this Prescott cartoon on the trip overseas --- a helluva long time ago?

windmill, and one of them slipped hit his passenger on the back and caused him to spit his front plate to the bottom of the WAAL river. (Innocent passenger -- Pvt. Mahoney).

A certain PFC in "C" Company is going to have a helluva time getting people to believe how tough combat is. He's gained 20 pounds since we invaded Holland. Could it be Chet "Baggy" McKinstry? Could be, boys, he looks mighty voluptuous these days.

There's another story going around that Pvt. "Blackie" Mahoney lost his teeth in the WAAL river. When asked why he didn't dive in after them, he said, "I can't swim a lick". As luck would have it, they were his four front teeth. Maybe he'll be doing a different type of diving soon. Step right up, men, you're next.

Another straddle-trench rumor has it that Darryl Zanuck is wooing the feature stars of "Airborne Invasion of Holland". This same squad, the second of the second platoon of "C" Company, 505, led by Lt. Haupt was in the plane from which the broadcast was made that was aired over four major networks in the States by Ed Murrow, the well-known commentator. We always knew those boys would get somewhere besides deeper in their foxholes.

"C" Company, 3rd Platoon (HOT POOP!) The 3rd platoon is boasting

about some certain machine gunner's record here in Holland. On September 18, 1944, he opened up at the Jerries and nicked Buford Williams in his fanny for a five-inch flesh wound (poor Baby Dumpling). Ten minutes later, he repeated the act. His time he scored it on a poor civilian (should be in his air raid shelter, eh Harold?). The same afternoon, he saw more Jerries, this time an innocent cow came in his sights. But the payoff came that evening, when he almost roasted Visceglia out of his foxhole with a hand grenade (Keep up your destructive shooting, Stoudt).

We were all glad to get relieved from the hedgerow for J.E.K. Poor J.E.K. hadn't straightened up for over a week, and we were all glad he didn't get "sway back" on us. And next time you spot a Jerry in a window, don't turn over to Garrison and ask for information. Hell, just ignore him, Halop, maybe he'll go away, yeah, maybe.

There is no need of traveling any distance to find out the \$64 question. Just ask Prof. Fuller, he's usually around. We are all hoping for all you WIA boys a quick return.

There was the negro minister who was very proud of the church's only musical accompaniment, a piccolo player. One Sunday he started his services with the grave an-

nouncement that he understood someone had grossly insulted the piccolo player, in fact had called him a sonofabitch. "If dat puhsen is heah in the congregation now, I wants him to stand up right now and repologize", he said. After several minutes silence, a weasened-fanned little negro stood up in the back row and in a high-pitched voice squeaked, "Pahson, I reckons maybe I se de nigger you is tawking about, but somebody has gravely misquoted me. I didn't call the piccolo player a sonofabitch; I said --- who called dat sonofabitch a piccolo player?"

REGIMENT LEADS LEAP
(Continued from page 1)

nes to the most isolated positions-all-in-all they'll remember what it means to face the men of this regiment who hang on with guts when supplies are all but gone. Once again the regiment has played a major role in hammering the Huns from stolen territory; turning panzer advances into "strategic withdrawals"; and has opened the way for further Allied advances through the back door of Das Reich. And there's a good chance that the next Fuehrer who sticks his ugly pu--- into the limelight will get a heel instead of a "Heil" from the Jerries who have faced these "weakling soldiers of the decadent democracies".

SECOND BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

Time and the Second battalion marches on. Undaunted by previous copy sent into the land of Never-Never, we, with malice toward all faithfully present this new, this revitalized edition of the same old stuff.

We ... confirming what we had long known to be true. Namely who the biggest BULL shooters in the Battalion are. The occasion? When Miss Lee Carson, the famed correspondent, visited Regiment. Needless to say our correspondent was there. Yes fellows, yes, yes! She knows all about that pin point fancy stuff the mortar platoons been doing. Yes and she also found out all about the job the wire section did in G — Hell, you were there, I don't have to tell you the name of the place.

And merely passing — (I don't like the sound of that). Anyway we heard a new name from the Mortar Platoon for our old pal the Screaming Meemie... "The Mighty Gas Pipe Organ" ... and everything being what it is, is not such a bad one.

This could be better as a column if there weren't such a Pyle of other stuff to do. Winchell we quit? Clapper hand tho and we'll go on.

There is a new branch off Army intelligence now available to us and this is one thing the staff isn't in on. It's called TWTBMBIELATICQ or as any fool can plainly see (The wives the boys married back in England letters about things in Camp Quorn), and this new service will get you the dop on practically anything that you want to know about things in general and even in a couple of cases, who the replacement is that is shaking up with your girl.

Cullen and Brown went on a patrol the other night as a radio contact. Object, to take prisoners. With them went various and sundry personnel, armed to the teeth to do the taking. You guessed it! The prisoners were taken by Cullen and Brown, ambling along in the rear.

Cheers for 1st Sergeant Thompson. You know, the frustrated supply sergeant. Yessir, old roy-poly is doing a heck of a fine job if the smooth way the C. P. runs is any indication.

Gavinomo made the trip to Brussels for the company. The FIRST trip we hope; If the town is anything we hear it is it's some punkins.

Wonder what Lt. "Willie" Wilson, is doing to-night? I suppose just what you'd be doing if you were there. Know what I mean?

And in closing, here's to those grand guys we lost in the fight for the bridge. It was the first time in action for some, and for many, the last. They shall be hard to replace... indeed, they shall never be replaced in our memories.

The Medical Detachment, 2nd Battalion, has finally come into its own. Originally intended to render medical aid to those requiring such, it has reverted to the more comfortable and congenial routine of establishing a rest home for weary souls, with an occasional visitor complaining of Athlete's Foot or the Balkan Crud.

It is with sincere regret that we mention the loss of some old names from the original roster; but since the season of Yule is not far distant, it is only fitting that we turn our so-called thoughts to planning bigger and better welcomes for that Prince of Leaders, Capt. Wm. Schmees, who daily grows fatter and more stuffed on pilfered medical rations.

As of date the usual collective spirit regarding firearms is a bit delayed. But with zealous

efforts of our sniper-hound, Pvt. J. B. Brown, our expectations run amuck. All contributions will be gratefully received. We might even trade a few trite, but proved (Whiz Bang-1920) puns from Capt. B. I. Hall, for any article of worth.

"D" COMPANY

Continuing our Cook's tour of the world, the present time finds us in the land of the wooden shoes, dikes, and tulips which we have yet to find. The days of Quorn and mild and bitters is left behind but not forgotten.

There seems to be a few of the lovers of Company "D" who left their mark in the hearts of the fair damsels of Britain. Our goatteed 1st Sgt. John Rabig, with his "girl by the Soar River", Frank Gallardo, and his quinine imbibing Birmingham Miss. and Billy Fleming who gets two letters a day from that blonde cutie in Leicester, are the boys who top the list in this department. In passing from those pleasant memories we cannot help but add a sigh of relief that the infamous Noncoms club is a thing of the past. Boy, it was killing our first three graders especially our cherubic little "staff". Tommy Rogers.

Back in the saddle again... one of our best jumps east of a small Dutch town... we take the village and watch the Third Bn. come in an hour-later.

Among our pleasant recollections of the last few weeks are the infamous rest areas. Sandwiched in between several batteries of 105's and the beautiful rain that sounds so nice on our pup tents and the intriguing mud about. However Bn. comes through with a real surprise with the serving of hot meals in the last area.

With all our griping we have a few bouquets to hand out. The British lending us their movie equipment and inviting us to a stage show that was really good. The mail service is really on the ball considering the situation.

At Nijmegen we lost some boys among them our exec officer, Lt. Waverly W. Wray. All the boys know that we lost the best officer in the regiment in Lt. Wray. To all the fellows who have lost their lives while fighting with us, we say "we won't forget fellows".

Our contribution to the Static Line this time is rather meagre as it is being written up on the line. We would like

to make it a little more personal and mention a few more names but we haven't been getting around much the last few weeks and so our usual spice is missing. Just a little 48 hours in Brussels or some other such place would do the trick. Am I dreaming? Take me back to those too too too delicious C Rations.

"E" COMPANY

Your E Company reporter goes to press during the hail and thunder of artillery and mortar fire. Many thanks that it is reverberating reports of the weapons of friendly units going through the preliminary acts of setting the stage for an attack by a rival company in the battalion.

It is reported via the "Grapevine" that S/Sgt. Papson goes out nightly on voluntary patrols. It is not as you would surmise, to seek vengeance on the enemy but his quest is for some choice veal steaks to quench his meal starved appetite.

Pfc. Fred Hebein passes our position at dusk every night with the men under his charge going out to an outpost and you can hear Fred in his solo voice swearing that all the Jerries of the more formidable units are out there waiting just opposite his position waiting for him, like he started this war all by himself.

As the noise and din mounts without Pvt. Joe Mata is looking for a weak spot in the concrete cellar floor within which to dig a fox-hole.

And one can always find Pvt. Dennis O'Laughlin damming the Company for they are always appropriating one of his many and prized trinkets.

You can also hear Lt. Walas shouting above the din of battle at the enemy because their fire will not permit him to scavenge the nearest fresh fruit orchard to get his quota of vitamin "C".

It is also reported that Lt. Wm Meddaugh, now acting C.O. of E Company makes all advances toward the enemy sideways so that they will form a formidable opinion of his unit by getting a first glance at his profile.

Pvt. Bill Schaefer is still running, after chasing his brother S/Sgt. Howard Schaefer,

a former member of the company across 5 countries in two different continents, he just missed him at the tape. They thought he was a fully qualified to keep right on running,

so he was made a Battalion runner, a post he is still holding down at this writing.

Jitterbug Joe Yoney is probably jumping hell out of those Belgian chicks at Brussels

this night and may the Lord have mercy on their souls. Pvt. Martin "The Head" Kozieniak, the walking hardware store still swears by all that is holy that he is not missing anything on the shortage reports, yet he is the only man that sleeps on the front lines in the mud. "Alcamo" Honeycutt just added, "Even with his boots off".

I wonder if Pvt. Sam Durbin is still carrying his air burst Bazooka with him.

It is rumored that Pvts. Muller, Arndt, and Golden are looking for bigger and better bulls to fight after that big lusty fellow tried to remove them from their last position.

As yours truly gets ready to take thirty it is heard that Pvt. Paul Sklenar is still wandering around the area looking for the Company C. P. He should find it by the time we are relieved. And now this reporter will conclude with a choice bit of wit.

"And now can anyone tell me where God Lives?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"I can, teacher," responded one bright lad. "He lives in our bath room".

"Why do you say that?"

"Because every morning my Dad yells at the bathroom door, 'God, are you still in there!'"

"F" COMPANY

A new reporter but the same old slush.

We understand that Joe Czarniak, our Medic, is taking over where Jack Young left off, or is it true that the trick he pulled on one of his best friends the other night was all in fun. Why not ask him?

Now that True Blue Michaud, the people's choice, is in charge of ration break-down, there is not a bitch to be heard, even Cpl. Rosen is satisfied.

Saw dependable John Steele up on the line the other day making sure the rations and ammo. Were coming through O.K. He couldn't stay long though as he had more pressing business elsewhere. So do a lot of us but the C.O. doesn't see eye to eye with us on it.

I guess the Jerries are slipping. Edgar traced F Company's wire from end to end the other day and didn't see one sniper. Rather unusual especially for Edgar.

Once again Co. Hq. is shacked up and the Platoons are holed up. Hq. did get close enough to the front to hear a barrage of artillery go off yesterday and Stead thought it was a signal for the end of the war.

I never asked Whitfield what kind of work he did as a civilian but after watching him remove four hens from their coop without so much as a cluck from the victims or the rest of the flock I can put two and two together and get four. No wonder bullets don't bother him. No doubt he was shot at so much learning his trade that he has become used to it.

We lost the best mortar observer in the E.T.O. when an order came down from Way Up There and transferred Bill Homan to S-4. It was a privilege to sit in an O. P. with Bill and have him point out enemy positions. You would think we were fighting the whole German Army.

Had a short talk with Marino and he was telling me about the girlfriend he had in our last bivouac area. Wonder if its the same one those other seven guys were telling me about.

If it takes as many shots to kill a Jerry as the Russian used on that pig this morning we will see several more Xmas's overseas. Hope he's better with that Bazooka.

G. I. GUTS.

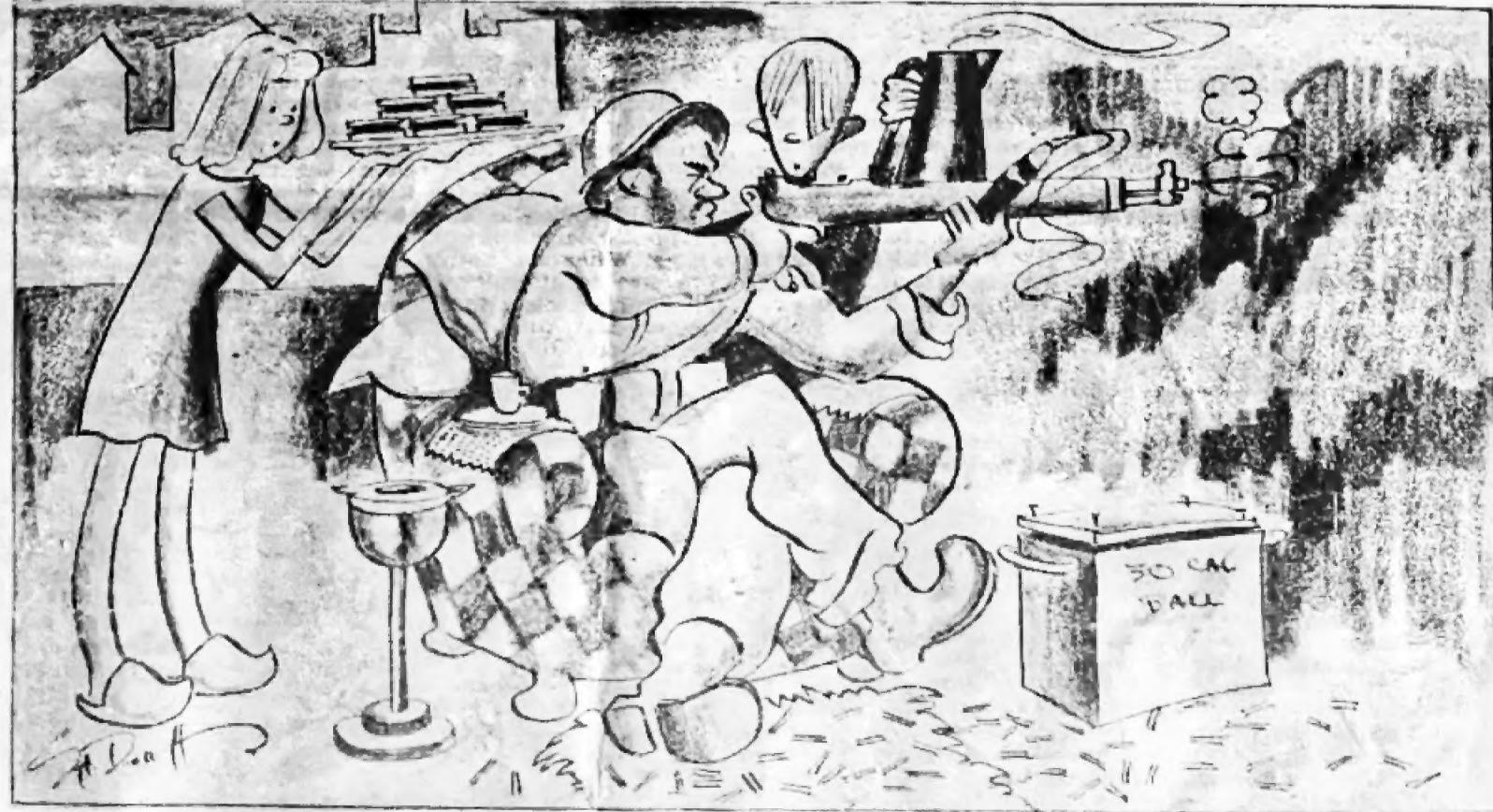
(Continued from page 1)
rything from machine pistols to screaming meemies did their damndest to drive the 505ers out, but nary an inch lost to the Jerries by the outfit. The regiment had "dood it again".

FICKLE FINGER FAVORS

(Continued from page 1)
The guy who was hit in the back by a Jerry morter -- dud, and only suffered a sprained back.

The man who probably took the first prisoners: two Krauts who walked out of the woods and stood with hands up waiting for him to struggle out of his parachute harness.

An Indian chief was faced with the problem of being circumcised. He went to one doctor and asked how much he wuld charge for the operation. When he was told seventy-five bucks, he grunted, "Ugh, too much." The second doctor told him seventy-five bucks, and again he grunted. "Ugh, too much." His third enquiry brought the price down to sixty, but he still grunted. "Ugh, too much. Me do it." So he went back to his tepee and taking his tomahawk looked around for tree stump upon which to perform the operation. Finding one the right height, he laid his middle leg upon the stump, raised his tomahawk, and down it came-whi-i-ss-sh! "Ugh, too much!"



"I Ain't Complainin', Kids, But Dere Wuz A Sock Missin' In Me Laundry Dis Mornin"

THIRD BATTALION

HQ. COMPANY

Heterogenous Headquarters Company functioning with usual elat. "Mother" Panco and her merry little brood brewing the inevitable JAVA. But why should "ard ale" Brydon bark up the wrong tree in Cessalo's orchard? Reason for candle shortage in Commutes is the perpetual poker playing instigated by the indefatigable Herman Wunch. Brimlow's brawlers doing alright and how about Campbell's Column? Line in order. 1st Sgt. Bullard's pet crow always brings to mind Those in the know use old Crow. What's he using it for? White Christmas? Speaking of wines, ask the doughty Mortar men their secret vices, all with one answer... VINO. PFC. Poulsen's stenorian tones tempered by taaff duties. Pvt. Rogala's guttural Deutch setting him places, but where? John Shelton and Erick Oetting the bloody butchers, practicing for future vocations? No more my good fellows. The T.D. Section (those Terrible Drunks) stepping on the brakes at present... but you can't hold good men down for long. Murray Goldman's query at 0200 hrs in Nijmegen to 2 stray ATS damsels, "My but your out after hours". Received in answer, "Yes, and your out after ours too". Pfc. Sager, that expert milkman, tried his hand at squeezing out some milk one A.M. Apparently he pulled the wrong faucet for what dropped wasn't milk, or was it a chocolate cascade? It was. Looking at Heydt's haircut, makes us believe that the "Kapper" thought he was a collaborator and acted accordingly. Quite an egg shell under that helmet, probably fragile too. Living off the fat of the land is a thing of the past now, lean times. Cooks now cooking with caus-moline. What well-known charioter cavalry Officer started that pony express route to the Bn. C/P? hat plow horse always makes for the open fields tho, and its rough riding. Must retire now, preparing for that 0800 hrs reveille for Co. Hqrs at the breakfast table. Everyone on time except Guess who?

"I" COMPANY

How you gonna keep on down on the farm after they have seen Africa, Italy, Sicily, England, Ireland, France, Holland and God knows what beside? Anyway look what we just dug outta the ole Fox Hole.

If Dick Tracy is still looking for "The Brow" we have him in Company Headquarters. Look to your Laurels Kossoff Whelan brings the Capt. a pail of Hot water and ends up with a 48 hour pass. Kossoff with a Headache. Scotty Hough wants you to know that the only difference between Salon and Saloon is that your breath smells sweeter. The first soldier was all a-twitter after seeing Lena Horne in the Movie yesterday. Go ahead, cement those African-American Relations.

wondered how Jim Downing greets his girl. Would it be "Hello Sir Darling" or "Darling Sir Hello". There will always be an England and Lt. Degenhart says he will make the sacrifice. When duty calls, he will go, would you? What squad Leader is sleeping with Ludwig, did somebody let the cat out of the Bag? Now what is it arry that makes Heather that way about you. We thought she wan an officers Guide and not a Non-com manuel. For further information see Lt's Howell, Case, Brunsman, Van De Veg.

It makes no difference where we go so long as it is Father from England. That is what Cutler Dufrain, Van Parry Bay. Yes, father from England. Staid doesn't have girl trouble, he has girls trouble. Even if he was twins he would still have to work overtime. Women are a problem. They insist on taking things seriously that were poked at them in fun.

We are missing the boys who were wounded.... Didn't realize what a good job they were doing till they left us, as for the fellows who won't come back, they gave the most they could and I hope that somehow they know what a swell job the boys are doing who got field promotions and who are now doing the jobs.

Don't know how you feel about digging but I'd like to dig about a dozen fox holes right now.... Deep in the Heart of Texas... YASSUH!

SERVICE COMPANY

Service Company's part in any operation is mainly of a passive nature, and this invasion of the Netherlands was no exception. For the first few days, however, our men were spread out with the various companies, doing odd jobs, and repelling the enemy when necessary. Slowly, the various sections assembled, and proceeded to carry out their norman duties, but under very trying conditions. The S-4 section turned their efforts over to salvaging everything possible, the motor pool doing their best with captured enemy vehicles, and the Personnel Section operating with one typewriter and a few pencils. Their was no such thing as a Company Headquarters, and everybody shifted for themselves. But, being used to this procedure, from previous operations, everything seemed to be accomplished, and with a surprising lack of difficulty. Our main force, coming over the road, around the 25th of September. Everything fell into line at

that time, and to this date, we have been operating pretty smoothly. S/Sgt Leland Potter is our acting 1st. Sgt, and between him and Sgt. Charlie Franz, Service Co. manages a pretty good chow, as evidenced by the long chow lines. Capt. Clarence Bacon is our very capable CO, and he is doing a great job looking out for his men. Lt Alford is running the motor pool capably assisted by S/Sgt Johnny Jenkins, Cpl. Murone, Cpl. Dewey, and Cpl. Grau. Sgt. La Joie is chief of the maintenance. Capt. Wagner, and Lt. Hoffman are doing their best on the Supply angle, assisted by S/Sgt Ray Hart, Sgt. Dippold, Cpl. Wafneke, and many others. Lt. Huffman (As Pers. O.) is struggling along with numerous citations and promotions that you boys have earned, and Sgt. Henley is still harassing the various 1st Sgts about their Morning Reports — Capt. Schenck together with Sgts Debnam and Warner and Pvt. Stanger, are the boys to thank for the recent entertainment we have been offered, and they are promising it will continue.

We have had our share of casualties and losses and many of our men are no longer with us. However, in comparison with the rest of the Regiment, our losses have been light, and we are indeed thankful. We admire the men who are in the front lines continuously, but last they forget, we are the boys who have done our best to supply them with rations, ammunition, and other supplies. We are the boys that arrange an occasional movie or show for them. We are the boys that drive their transportation. We are the boys that keep their records straight and give them an occasional partial pay. We are the boys that pack their parachutes, and in general, we are boys that keep them going and moving forward.

STATIC LINE A.W.O.L.

(Continued from page 1) In the British Isles; and the first unit newspaper printed in Holland. The old men from Alabama will recognize some of the material in this issue. It's a condensation of some of the best (?) stuff in former issues. We regret that copy from two companies was sent to division and oblivion, and it was too late for new material.

By Pressy the Pimp

SHADES OF NAPLES



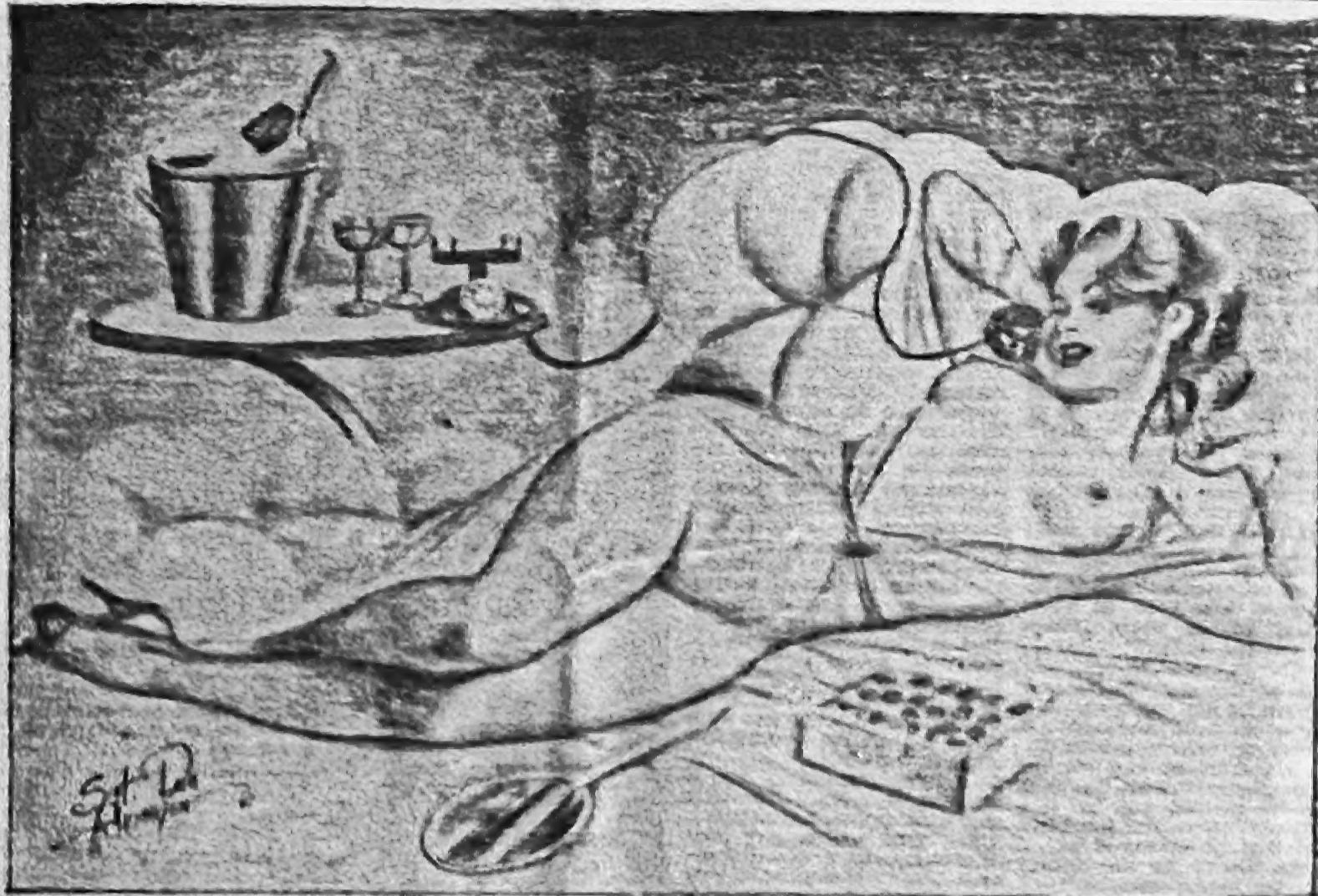
Motor Pool SIDE LIGHTS

It's about time those 4x4's here got into something of news. It seems that a certain Col. in this army's best regiment, was very much pleased with the services George, on the operation to the old boy gives with a citation "Am". About time. They haul everything from stuff to you. In the meantime an exchange officer takes all there Nederlanders flock to his jiving poker games. Which is a lot of gassing. Every "Am" where is See. Col's notorious Carpet-tail and his famous one slogan all? They just up and pull a quick face-out, errant of mercy, we hope. If you would knock a hole in our garage houses, houses such as at Lisse. France and company, you would find a stock of little cans of new, shiny at that, and not what you think) running around. Can't blame 'em' though, since doing damn neat with what they get. They say if anybody ever calls them non-combatant now, they'll lower the so-called boom. Must have been warm at Hotel De Wolfsberg with screaming minnes' barking to helping to mix the stew.

We have several lounge lizards in the old pool that believe in saving their energy for V-day. All the exercise they get is snapping their neurons at the chow table. Now I wonder who that could be? The pool has a battle field of its own here. It seems that the casualties runs high in the motorcycle one. Maybe it's the come get me eyes of these Nederlanders chicks. Any way, lots of luck to Johnny Adams and get the old carcase back home. Same to Bob Black, next time jump those mines. By the way, some of our courage's non-coms must smell something cause when that Folk-Wolf came around each's the joint the other morning, they up's and moves wholesale into an air raid shelter, and women and children weren't first. Someone asks some boys if they wanted to go home -- People don't care what they use for questions these days -- When do we get our boat tickets.

We have a tall driver here that seems to have trouble keeping his skin up when he gets down in the dirty old dump. Guess who? And he doesn't come from Australia.

"The Pool's Pencil Pusher".



Sgt. please send that detail of one STRONG Pic. over right away.

We have been fortunate in this campaign, not having lost a man. The two officers and 3 EM, Henley, Speake and Schrage landed on D-Day by parachute, and the other members followed them in with the next echelon. During the Normandy campaign, we started out with seven men, but three were wounded before we could get started. This time however, we got off to a pretty good start, and have accomplished some good work. We are working right now on Purple Hearts and Combat Infantryman's Badges for those of you that have earned them. We have had numerous interruptions in our work, but most of them were by artillery, and aircraft, and although our working facilities haven't been the best, we are up to those pressurizations and citations roll in.

REGIMENTAL MANIACS MEDICS

By Bojarski

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Major McIlroy: "Where's the monkey wrench, Bojarski?" Capt. Franco: "Well, that's right but . . ." Capt. Suer: "Anything to eat?" Chaplain Wood: "Any Rumors?" Miller: "What happened to the bottle of cognac?" Underwood: "Hell wid 'em. Johnny I had me fill." Verdi: "Wanna boy it?" Schuster: "Yawn." Then he rolls over on the other side. Queen: With one word he always starts a mad rush. The word: "Chow." Neville: "Now back in Alaska." Dougherty: "In the kitchen." Get out you Bastard, we ain't got any." Kaufman: "When he has a trip at night." It's dark as Hell out there." Cavin: "Where's my ration?" Capital: "We still have more beans left."

If Father Kirshbaum gets a copy of this, here's a cheery: "Hello, Father Joe" from us all.

I am very sorry not to be able to write a regular bit of dry, but due to a little misunderstanding I only had about fifteen minutes to do this in, so it will have to do till the next time. Sick Call will be held at the regular time.

THE ONCE OVER

(Continued from page 2)

try to get. I mean the rating of PFO instead of PFC. It stands for Private First Out, catch on? After we get this rating we get sent to separate centers which is abduction centers in reverse. I suppose at this separation centers where we get our divorce papers from the Army there will be the same rigmarole like when we was being took in. Well, if they are no more fussy about letting me out than they was about taking me in it will be easy.

Just the same I guess there will be flexical tests to prove I am fit to be a free man again and I will get shot full of serums and everything.

Of course there is one thing about the whole plan that ruins it. It says that if I ain't a surplus first class I can't get used in the Pacific war. I hope this don't happen to me as by that time I would become a PFCR (Private First Class Ruin).

All my love,
OSCAR

ADVICE TO THE LOVE WORN

(Continued from page 2)

* * *

By romance moved, he overstepped
Snuffed at her firmest warning;
She submitted, then in parting said,
"I'll see you in the morning".

Dear Prof:
My mother has given me permission to date girlfriends. Can you give me any advice?

Young and Eager

Dear Eager Beavers:
What every young girl should know -- is better.

DAFFINITIONS

CANNIBAL: A fellow who is apt to eat his best friend.

DIVORCE: What happens when two people can't stomach each other any more.

HORSE SHOW: A lot of horses showing their noses to a lot of horses asses showing their bottoms.

MINUTE MAN: One who double parks in front of a house of ill repute.

RAPE: Seduction without wedlockship.

MISTRESS: Something between a master and a matress.

THE CAMEL AND THE SPHINX

The amorous desires of a camel

Are stronger than one might think

Once in his rapturous passion He climbed on the back of the Sphinx.

Now the Sphinx's nether regions

Had been closed by the sands of the Nile.

Which accounts for the hump on the camel.

And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

The person was walking home with one of this congregation after the services.

"Sister Lisa," he said. "I do despise to walk along wid a pregnant woman."

"Why, pahom, I ain't pregnant."

"Now, sisuh and you ain't home yet, neither."

MORE DAFFINITIONS

PAJAMAS: Items of clothing newlyweds place beside their beds in case of fire.

BABY PACIFIER: A bump in the mouth.

ADOLESCENCE: The age between puberty and adultery.

ADULTERY: The wrong people doing the right thing.

FOUR PROMINENT BASTARDS

THE AMERICAN figure in these democratic states.
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the bosses, below the mean democratic breeds.
As the sons of Cossacks, not the most exclusive breed.
As the Bonapartes and Roosevelts and others, I could name.
Inherited the qualities that perpetuate their fame.
So my position in the structure of society, I see.
To the audience impudent me by my manners and appearance.
My puppy was a gentleman, and musical to boot.
He used to play at piano in a house of ill repute.
The widow was a lady, and a credit to her cult.
She enjoyed my puppy's playing -- and I was the result.
As the my anxiety and my memory that I now have to thank.
That the children of the bosses, of a different quality than

In a tiny house in Tennessee, in a tiny little town.
A decent, well-bred farmer and his daughter used to meet.
She was pretty, she was smiling, she was tender, she was kind.
And her symphonies were such that she was frequently with child.
Now during the year 1911 she attained an all-time record high.
She became the proud mother of an infant which was 1.
And whenever she was present, living always right by her gun.
By continually reporting who and when ought home here.
The third wife was known by the girls in mother's bed.
But a traveling man from New York was on their money bed.
But such were mother's thoughts, and such was her state.
That even Peter Kalmar would absolutely care.
So taking mother's words, and taking father's words,
I became the fourth of the four, of a different quality than

In a tiny little town, home to a small audience, that.
My John learned father wrote his permanent address.
Now some were there for pleasure, but daddy's only tool
Was an everlasting weapon for continual results.
Now daddy's hat of violence was grandfatherly with.
And though one of them was violent, he could never tell me which.
His attorney was simple, one step from moral base --
Seduction is the ticket -- a Norman wrote his cap.
Though I never used to believe, I got into a fight.
I guess there's no example of a perfect S.O.B.
So Peter didn't tell my country, but it didn't tell
The most expensive opinion this country ever had.
I remember daddy's warning that reading is a crime.
Unless you read the books -- a motto at a time.

The AMERICAN figure in these democratic states.
A pathetic demonstration of hereditary traits.
As the children of the bosses, below the mean democratic breeds.
As the sons of Cossacks, not the most exclusive breed.
So my position in the structure of society, I see.
As the qualities transmitted me by my parents, too, esp.
My father was a nervous man, and what a cold man.
He was married to my mother -- a fact that I derive.
I was born in July without, consequently by and by.
I've been raised by every teacher with plauder in his eye.
I learned, I desisted, and I tested every fail.
I've never said a word -- why the bastards out it all.
But now I've learned my lesson, and I'm on the proper track.
I'm a self-educated bastard, and I aim to get it back.

Personnelities

Believe it or not, the Personnel Section is sweating the best of you fellows out. The more casualties, the more work it means to us. We also sweat out the heroic acts and deeds that you boys are performing day in and day out, because we are the boys that put the final touches on your stations. However, in spite of the work it is a job that we don't mind in the least. You boys have deserved Dick, so we will do our best to see that you get the best break possible. Let Lt. James Halfman is our chief, and he concentrates chiefly on relations and promotions. He has a pretty tough job, but he has some able assistance from Cpl. Maurek and Cpl. Schrage. Sgt. Henley handles all the morning reports and casualty reports, but his two helpers, Pfc's Speake and Simon are very capable. Cpl. Hinchliff was brought along in case any of the boys peeled off, and got in trouble. You will all get the chance to see him, if you unfortunate enough to appear before a court martial. Pvt. Teterine is our handy man, cook, and janitor, but but not least is Lt. Francis J. Myers, our Jean from the A-1 office. Here's the man that tried to pay you last week.

OPENING SHOCKS

A G.I. noticed the "V" on his girl's sweater and asked, "V for Victory?" "No, not exactly," was her reply. "V for Virginia. This is last year's sweater."

Overheard from a Trooper and his date at a British "Lawn Party": "Some moon," said he. "Some sky," she replied. "Some dew on the grass," said he. "I don't," she replied.

She was a good-looking blonde whose car was stalled by the side of the road. She hailed a passing Sarge. "I wonder if you'd help a girl in trouble?" she asked. "Hell yes," he answered. "What kind of trouble do you want to get into?"

Tony was shipped into court on a minor violation charge. The Judge told him, "You are fined ten dollars and costs. Go, and peace be on you." "Yah," replied Tony. "Peace on you too, Judge!"

One of the boys was leavin' the girl he had just met. "Will you let me hold your hand for a shilling?" She answered No. "Will you let me hug you for two shillings?" Again No. "Will you let me kiss you for five shillings?" She took her head violently. "Well," said he, "I guess there's no use asking you the pound question."

Sarge: Will two drinks make you dizzy.
Gal Friend: Yes, but don't call me Dizzy!

Birdbrain: I go with her because she's different from other girls.
Unconscious: How's that?
Birdbrain: She'll go with me.

Newlyweds (after tipping the poster generously to keep their marriage a secret): Did you tell those people in the Pullman we were just married?
Poster: No sir -- I told 'em you was just good friends.

It was a court-martial, and the question was asked of the accused:
Do you know what happens if you lie under oath?
Yes, Chaplain Wood says I'll go to hell.
And if you tell the truth?
I'll go to the guardhouse.

Sarge to newly-met London babe: Will you have breakfast with me tomorrow morning?
Babe: Certainly.
Sarge: Shall I phone you or nudge you?

The new colored parson had invited one of his good "sisters" to ride home with him after the services. She was very much surprised when he drove straight out of town, off on a lonely side road and parked.

Lawsamoney, paason. I never thought anything like this ever crossed yo mind!
Sis Jackson, I is still yo paason; and I has brought you out heah in the peace and quiet of the countryside to talk to you about the hereafter. Sis Jackson, if you ain't hereafter what I'm hereafter, you're goin' to be hereafter I'm gone.

Lady of the House: You know, I suspect my husband of having a love affair with his stenographer.
Maid: I don't believe it. You're only saying that to make me jealous!

Cute Thing: Say Jane, did you get caught in the blackout last night?
Jane: Well, I won't know for sure for a while yet.

Remembered from a week-end in Atlanta (Ye gods! what a memory!) Sarge to Hotel Clerk over house phone: Shay bub, send up some Taylor Whiskey!
Clerk: O.K., just make up your mind.

Nurse: Mr. Jones, your wife has just presented you with a fine baby boy! Burrs like a bull.

Jones: He has?
Nurse: No, he does.

And there's the one about the negro minister who was so worried about his congregation falling off he decided to bolster it up with an extra attraction, a big pageant in which the person to best dramatize any hymn or song will win a big prize.

The place was packed for the show, and the paason introduced his first contestant, a big negress wearing a long robe with a string of light bulbs around the bottom. Her effort was representing "Let The Lower Lights Be Burning". The old boy's eye teeth nearly jumped out as he saw the second contestant walk out -- a good-looking "jugh yellow" parading across the stage without a stitch of clothing. Flabbergasted as he was, he had to agree that she was doing a good job of dramatizing "Just As I Am".

The third contestant was a man about twenty-five who was wearing nothing except a grass skirt and a very perplexed and uncertain expression. When asked what he was supposed to be representing, he hesitatingly replied, "Well, paason, right now I don't rightly know myself. I was gon' to represent "Bringing In The Sheaves" but if "Just As I Am" don't put on some clothes it's goin' to be "Comin' Through the Rye".

Bachelor: Jeeves bring me a girl.
Jeeves: Very good, sir.
Bachelor: Not necessary.

The Jerries are glad to die for der Fuehrer, and this outfit is doing a damn good job of keeping them happy.

He who hesitates -- is last.

Trooper: Do you dance?
She: I love to.
Trooper: O.K. Let's love then.

He (phoning): Do you have a date tonight?
She (a bit frigidly): Yes, I have.
He: Congratulations.

Two little girls were playing together when one of them asked the other, "How old are you?"
I don't know, but I'm a virgin."
You must be four then, I'm five."

She: Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?
Trooper: I'm in no position to say.

Salesman to stenographer: Is your boss in?
Stenog: I'm sorry; he's out right now.
Salesman: Will he be back after a little?
Stenog (blushing): That's what he went out after.

Chutist to Walter in Restaurant: Is that milk I ordered pure?

Walter: Just as pure as the girl of your dreams.
Chutist: Forget it, and bring me a beer.

Hirohito: When we win this war I'm going to rule the world.

Mussolini (Remember him): No you're not -- I am, for the Lord said "The meek shall inherit the earth."

Hitler: That's a lie. I never said any such thing.

One chutist to another: Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?



Is it true that all American parachutists are ex-convicts?
Now, who ever give you dat idcar, babe?"

Sexy Side of the Screen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

There was a double feature in London the other night, "Between Us Girls" and "You Can't Escape Forever". (P.S. Who in hell would want to escape?)

Martha Raye (she of the big eyes -- upper and lower) thinks she could be nicknamed "Basketball". She says she is on guard lest her boy friends become too forward. She returns all gifts sent. Every time a guy makes a pass, she calls him for travelling. And if he keeps on trying, she gives him a free throw.

Patricia Morrison was making a boat trip recently and she asked one of the stewards if she could see the captain. She was told he was "Forward" -- to which she quipped, "That's o.k. -- I've been out with parachutists."

Joan Davis, who is quite a nut, asks herself what a drizzle is, and from herself gets the answer -- it's a drip that's going steady.

A Sarge was caught gazing soulfully at a picture of Jean Tietney the other day, and cracked, "Just keeping abreast of the times!"

Rita Hayworth was trying to add up the ingredients of child-birth giving the credit to the publishing industry. She opines that the average child is the result of two Americans, a couple of looks and heaven only knows how many Times.

Charlie McCarthy's parentage has finally been pinned down. His father was a son of a bitch, and his mother a piece of ash.

Ann Corio observed this week that a maternity dress is a femme zoot with a rape shape.

Panlette Goddard was trying to interest one of the neighbors children in a game. What she asked, did she have two of that a cow had four. The answer wasn't feet.

Fred Astaire stopped one of

With the OFFICERS

(Continued from page 3)
only sailor new at the weddin' will be the cake". Another FLASH.

CAPTAIN P. J. Gibbons is transferred to higher headquarters and guess what? I'll be damned if he didn't get promoted. You guess what he will talk about now, I give up.

REMEMBER HOLLAND?

Fighting for the Allies, fighting for the Lost, fighting for the shower, and fighting to go home. What officer got his plim all black and blue from sleeping with a Dutch Gal who wouldn't take her shoes off. Peggy De Long has the egg industry served up, but in local hen circles we hear it's No Nest - No Lay. Other high lights of Holland, you ought to be able to recall allright, if not well, put in for reclassification your mind is going.

In closing, I would like to say, in all seriousness, here's to the officers we have lost in the fight, the best in the world, their lives were not given in vain and we will carry on to prove that to them and the rest of the world.

REGT. HQ. COMPANY

(Cont from page 3)
depleting the beer rations of our English hosts. Compensation prize goes to your columnist for having the longest romance with the least results . . . To the least appreciated man in the Company our Company Jerk, I mean Clerk John "Crooner" Gallo. Perhaps some day you can get back to where you started — the Radio Section.

Promotions and demotions have been constant but particularly to be noted are those of "Pill Box" Hern to 1/Egt. "Porky" Tellstone to Comm O Chief and Montgomery, Alabama's own William L. Hill to 2nd Lt and Assistant Comm O. Demotions will not be mentioned in this Column . . . A reluctant farewell (?) to former 1/Sgt "Casey" Mauldin.

Perhaps in later columns, (if we have later columns) we can do a better job of reflecting. We might add that any little "tid-bits" of interest from members of this unit would be greatly appreciated herein.

Till next — Cheerio and all the best.

Q: What is the difference between a king and a knight?
A: Once a king, always a king; but once a knight is enough.

Trooper: Why is it you have so many boy friends?
Parachute Blondie: I give up.

THE END



But there's more in sight!